



Logie of Buchan.

Moderato

O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the laird, They've ta'en awa' Jamie that

delv'd in the yard! Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma; They've ta'en awa'

Chorus

Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang a-wa', He said

think na lang lassie, tho' I gang a-wa'; For Sim-mer is com-ing, cauld

Winter's a-wa', And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

LOGIE OF BUCHAN.

O LOGIE of BUCHAN; O LOGIE the Laird,
 They've ta'en awa' JAMIE that delv'd in the yard!
 Wha play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma';
 They've ta'en awa' JAMIE, the flow'r of them a'!

He said: think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';
 He said: think nae lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';
 For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Tho' SANDIE has ousen, has gear, and has kyé,
 A house, and a haddin, and siller forbye;
 I'd tak' my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.

He said: think nae lang, &c.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
 They frown upon JAMIE, because he is poor;
 Tho' I like them weel, as a daughter should do,
 They're nae ha'f sae dear to me, JAMIE, as you.

He said: think nae lang, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that likes me sae weel;
 He had but ae saxpence, he brak' it in twa,
 And gi'ed me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa'.

Then, haste ye back, my JAMIE, and bide nae awa',
 Then, haste ye back, my JAMIE, and bide nae awa';
 For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.